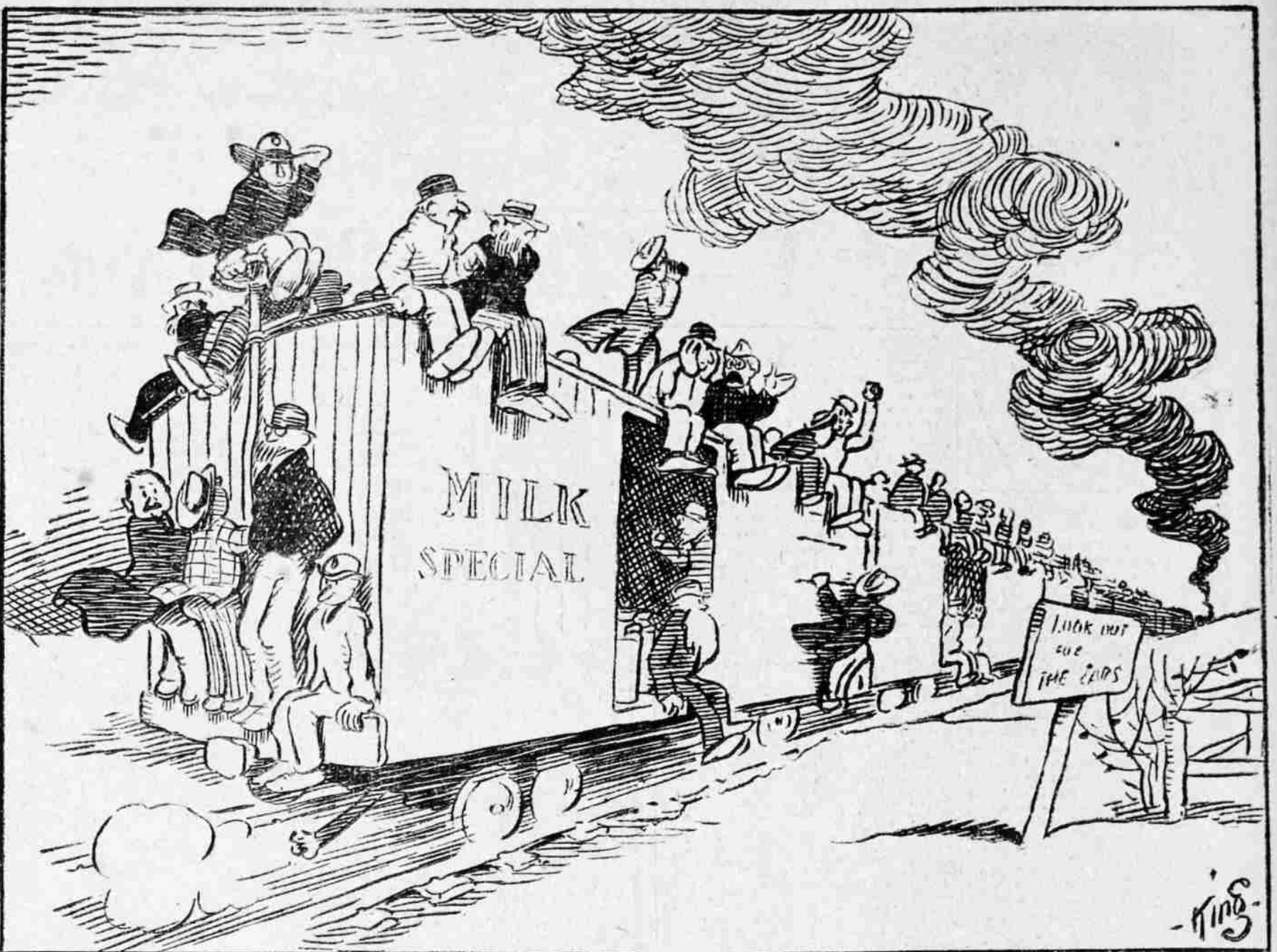


MR. DOOLEY ON MR. BRYAN AND THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE.



"I've seen Capital take him to th' top iv th' Stock Exchange an' shove him off."

"Groups of pathriotic Dimmycrats who had come in on th' milk thrain to offer their sarvices."

WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "there's wan thing I'll niver do again, an' that's attend a pollytickal fun'ral iv Willum Jennings Bryan. It's now years since I first got out th' stovepipe hat an' cape hand around it an' thought I'd seen that pleasant, open countenance at court conviction. Since then I've seen Capital take him to th' top iv th' Stock Exchange buildin' an' shove him off th' roof to an indignant mob iv men who finished him with their coupon books. I've seen him destroyed by Joe Bailey an' nominated by Champ Clark. I've seen him put a bag with a pig iv lead sewed to his feet an' throw him into th' river. I've heard th' despairin' cry, 'Goddamn splash, an' th' muttered prayers iv 'Goddamn take him.' Every time I picked up a paper I read an article sayin': 'End iv Bryan an' Bryanism. Oscar Underwood's splendid policy in keepin' th' tariff on tenpenny nails saves us free-trade-in-th'-year-eight-thousand dollars that the ghostly specter iv Bryan an' Bryanism that has been hangin' over th' party has been shooed away.'

I never agreed, Hinnessy, with them cynics who say that ye can't believe anything ye see in newspapers. I have always insisted that th' notices were fairly accurate. But it seems now an' then thrust them when they dale with Jennings Bryan. F'r, far fr'm bein' wan of those statesmen whose faces, distorted by great pain in makin' a publick address, no longer glow on th' front pages iv the pa-pers, Jennings is as much alive as a Kerry at a picnic. When th' new administration comes th' rudder iv th' ship iv state an' with song an' story a Dimmycrat cabinet gathers around th' table, th' face that will occupy th' top chair will be th' man with th' carvin' knife will be th' face that has poured its eloquence on us f'r many years. At last, that's what I read. I ain't thure an' Bryan ain't goin' into th' White House. I'd rather be outside, f'r there's where I'll be.

About alicion time I r-read that Dock Wil-son's surroundings an' thrainin' was an assurance that Bryan wud no longer disturb th' country with his heresies, an' I says to meself: 'There's ag'in' head first down th' cellar stairs.' I picked up th' pa-aper. Th' gray dawn barely broke over th' pleasant hills iv Noo Jersey an' th' fair village iv Princeton was awak- ened. Th' chapel bells were ringin' an' students were goun an' pants were hurryin' eagerly to religious exercises, which in this excellent country, Hinnessy, causes as much enthusyasm as more rude but not so worthy outdure sports. Groups of pathriotic Dimmycrats who come in on th' milk thrain to offer their services to th' prisdint illic in anny capacity fr'm James were assembled on th' spacious lawn iv th' modest mansion where th' gr-rear had spent a night iv anguish dhreamin' he was a victim in a practical joke be th' tillygraft

"At that moment th' conductor iv th' thrain fr'm the south pulled th' bell cord, an' th' fretful injine, comin' to a stop, let off a tall man wearin' a slouch hat an' carryin' a small bag. His face was pale, his lips was closed tight as if be some great effort iv a mighty will, an' a look iv high determination glittered in his dark eyes. Although well past th' prime iv life, his hair had grown no further thin th' back iv his head. It is not nicissry fr me to tell ye that th' dark stranger was Willum Jennings Bryan. That's who it was, me lad. Ye can go out an' bet a dollar on it an' put two more on f'r me.

"After graspin' th' outstretched hand iv th' Pullman porter an' thankin' th' dazled Ethyopyan f'r a pleasant journey, he stalked down th' shreets iv th' home iv larnin', iv Woodrow Wilson, an' iv Hobey Baker. But none iv th' pleasant sights an' sounds distracted him. He did not look at the halls iv larnin'; he stepped across Lake Carnaygie without increasin' its purple flood with a single tear iv riv'ence, passed by block after block iv Queen Mary Anne cottages, homes iv rich an' famous professors, without a glance, an' made his way to what ye might call, if ye want to, th' prisdintilicial mansion.

"Pushin' his way through th' throng on th' lawn, he climbed th' stairs, kicked th' dog off th' porch, opened th' dure without knockin', tossed his hat an' coat an' valise to th' hired girl, ordered his eggs biled four minyits, an' walked into th' libry. Th' prisdint illic was settin' in front iv a blazin' gas log readin' f'r th' tenth time th' most wondhrous romance fr'm rale life iver published, entitled, 'Th' Dimmycrat Victory in Matsachusetts.' Our hero pulled up a chair, an', wakin' th' Dock fr'm his revvy with a slight, frindly push iv th' foot, said: 'I'm sorry to be so late.' 'My dear Colonel Bryan,' says the Dock. 'I'm glad to see ye.' 'Faith,' says Willum Jennings, 'small blame to ye f'r that, my boy. I'm no boaster, but thrice have I been th' standard bearer iv th' party an' wanst th' standard buryer. I'll make a note iv that quip. 'Twill live on me lecture. Glad to see me, ar-re ye? Well, ye ought to be. But f'r me 'tis back ye'd be in yonder halls nex' year larrupin' th' third declension into th' little Presbyteryans instead iv livin' rent free at th' foot iv Pinnsylvania Avnoo, with sivynty-five thousand dollars a year iv my good money in ye'er pocket. Yes, sir, sivynty-five thousand, an' twenty-five thousand more f'r th' travelin' expences, an' if iver money was stolen fr'm a man—but ye must excuse me. I was carrid away be a great emotion.

"What I wanted to tell ye," he says, 'was th' raison I was late was I stopped over at Wash'n- ton to give directions about th' arrangement iv rooms in th' White House. I won't want much space, but I need plenty iv light an' air on account iv me enfeeblid lungs, an' I've chose th' second flure f'r me quarters. Th' ground flure as usual will be devoted to our reception rooms an' dinin' room. But ye ought to see th' place I've picked out f'r ye to live in! No, I won't tell ye. It must come as a surprise. But I'll let ye in on th' secret this far—I studied th' matter with gr-rear

care. I said to meself: 'He's a man iv simple an' stujous tastes. He's not used to magnificence. He has led what ye might call a cloistered life. He wudden't like a hotel. Where will I put him? An' thin, ye know how it is, how some little thing will put ye on th' thrail iv an idee ye've been seekin'—something happened, the furnace man shakin' down th' furnace or something, an' lo an' behold! th' problem was solved. I went down an' inspected th' site, an', be hovens, if I hadn't been ye'er thrue frind I'd've took it f'r meself. I'm goin' to have a coat iv whitewash put on, an' ye'll find th' light fr'm th' coal shute fine f'r readin'.' I'd like to discuss th' dinin' room with ye. I want to get ye'er views. Wud ye like both breakfast an' lunch there or on'y lunch? I'm an arly riser meself an' poor comp'ny, I'm afraid, at breakfast. An' how about ye'er din- ners? Be absolutely frank with me on this pint.

I'm not in th' laste sensitive. I desire to lave th' matter entirely in ye'er hands. Wud ye prefer to go out f'r ye'er dinner or wud ye like to have it sint down on th' dumb waiter? It's imma- teeryal to me.

"Now about th' offices. I don't want ye to trouble ye'er mind about them at all. There's no good in givin' them wan minyit's thought an' maybe worryin' ye'erself sick about a thankless task. I'll see that th' offices are properly filled. It's a disagreeable business, but there's nawthin' I wudden't do f'r ye, Dock, an' f'r our country. I know ivry man in this broad land that's fit to hold an office, an' I'll tell ye how I make me test. First I exclude, nachrally, all Republicans. Thin I throw out, to expriss meself with resarve, all so-called Dimmycrats who voted agin me. Thin I eject all Dimmycrats who voted f'r me but said they hated to. That laves just about enough

competent an' pathriotic citizens to fill all th' of- fices. I'll take th' nominal job iv scretary iv state meself, but I'll be busy here an' there.

"Ye'er policies ye know already. Ye've read me speeches. But th' wan thing I desire is to save ye trouble. Ye have four gr-rear years before ye, four years teeming with possibili- ties. Do not spend them in thinkin' about pathron- age, in discussin' public questions which defy a solution, in thyrin' to make new policies which can niver take th' place iv th' eternal principles iv government first announced be th' heroes iv ninety-six. No, Dock. But remote fr'm th' storms an' passyons iv pollyticks where I am bein' tossed, spend ye'er charmin' days in some useful wurruk iv lithrachoor. To show ye how much ye have been in me mind, I've aven took th' pains iv thinkin' out something f'r ye to while ye'er hours away on, a gr-rear creative effort that will outlast ye an' will be r-read an' admired when Woodrow Wilson th' pollytician is no longer remembered. How cud ye be better employed thin in compilin' an' immortal volume on 'Th' Bur-rds an' Flowers iv th' Disthric iv Col- umbia'?" Now, let's go to breakfast. No, no; I don't want to r-read about th' majority ye got in Ohio. Didn't I tell ye I wanted to ate break- fast?"

"An' there ye ar-re. He's back again, an' glad I am to have him. As a spoortin' observer iv pollyticks I always like to see his kindly face comin' through th' ropes, f'r wheriver Willum Jennings is ye may be sure iv wan thing: There's goin' to be a fight."

"He's a gr-grand man an' Wilson'll be his own boss, an' I don't believe a wurruk ye've been sayin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nayether do I," said Mr. Dooley. "But it's what I read in th' pa-pers. I like Willum Jen- nings, too, because he's indestructible. When a man tells me a baseball player has gone back an' I look at his battin' record an' see he's hittin' above .300 I know th' man is wrong. So be Wil- lum Jennings Bryan. He's been at th' bat now f'r sixteen years, iver since he come out iv th' minors, an' he's still hittin' above three hundherd. He ain't much iv a run getter, but he's a powerful batter. If I was a Dimmycrat prisdint th' first wan I'd ast to come in an' pick his chair at th' big table wud be him. No matter how much I might admire him out iv th' house, I'd rather have him in if th' house had windows. He's a gr-rear statesman, that is thrue, an' he might make a mistake anny day an' take th' big chair at th' head iv th' board. But that wudden't be me principal raison f'r invitin' him to th' family circle. It wud be that beyond all his other charms with a brick in his hand he's as expert as a rifle- man. An' I'd rather have him close to me bosom thin on me back."

"Ye can't keep a good man down," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye can if ye can get him down," said Mr. Dooley. "But ye can't aven get a good man down."

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